BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

SIRS,—I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. I assure you that it gives perfect satisfaction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1891. NO. 17.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

☞Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Professional Cards.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis. Oct. 4th, 1882—

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - N. S.
☞Office,—"Dr. Gunter" building.

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
☞Dentistry a Specialty.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, . . N. S.

G. E. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence in the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. L. G. deBlois.

Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 1y

THE
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable. Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

NEW YORK
N.Y.
STEAMSHIP CO.
(The Pioneer Line)
dispatch their new steamship
CITY OF COLUMBIA,
(1900 tons) the most complete and elegant ship on the Eastern Atlantic coast
FROM
St. John, N. B.
Every Friday at 3 p.m.,
AND FROM
YARMOUTH, N. S.,
Every Saturday, at 6.30 p.m.,
(or on arrival of train from Digby)
FOR NEW YORK,
DIRECT.
Returning, Steamer will leave New York, from Pier 40, East River, foot of Pike St.,
Every Tuesday, at 5 p.m.

TICKETS:

New York to Yarmouth,	$10.50
Round Trip,	19.00
New York to St. John,	13.00
Round Trip	23.00

Tickets entitle holders to State Room, Berth, and Meals.

Freight received and forwarded on through bills of lading to and from all oints south and west of New York.
Cheap Fares and Low Rates.
H. H. WARNER, PRESIDENT.
N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager,
63 Broadway, New York.
PARKER, EAKINS & CO.,
AGENTS, YARMOUTH, N. S.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John A. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, give all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

A. W. MOORE,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Painter, Grainer and Decorator.
Fresco Painting in all Branches.
Paper Hanging, Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewashing, Coloring, Etc., specialties.
☞Ceilings thoroughly whitened and cleaned without injury to Furniture or Carpets.
Estimates given. All jobbing punctually attended to.

PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.
I am devoting my time to tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs, and any orders sent to me at Truro will receive my attention in my annual turn through the province. Intending purchasers will do well to communicate with me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am willing to order for small commission.
4 tf G. O. GATES, Truro, N. S.

Frank E. Vidito,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
☞My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

BURDOCK
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.
BLOOD
CURES
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE. SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES
BITTERS

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is ALL NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

$1,000.00 GIVEN AWAY
—: BY :—
THE WILMOT CORSET CO.,
South Farmington, N. S.
For particulars apply to:
Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, Mrs. L. C. Wheelock, C. H. Schaffner, R. D. Beals, S. Harris & Son, Mrs. Ansley, G. I. Letteney & Bro.
Feb. 11th, 1891. 1y

DR. FOWLER'S
·EXT: OF· ·WILD· STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA Cholera Morbus
COLIC AND CRAMPS
DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

A COOK BOOK FREE
By mail to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

PLEASANT AS MILK
Is the Expression Used by many when they take,
ESTEY'S EMULSION
Children will take it and ask for more when their stomach cannot retain the ordinary Emulsions. It is easily digested. Delicate people can take it.
—WHEN BUYING AN EMULSION—
Ask for Estey's.
Sold Everywhere. Price 50c., Six bottles, $2.50.

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd. 1890. 29 1y

MONEY TO LOAN.
Nova Scotia Permanent Building Society and Savings Fund of Halifax.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the *monthly balances* at six per cent. per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefor, and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Agent at Annapolis.
Annapolis, Feb. 11th, 1891. 6m

This is Business!
The subscriber offers for sale a variety of
Single & Double-seated Carriages.
Also, the very popular
Unique Road Carts.
Phaeton Carts, for one or two persons.
Second-hand Carriages, in good repair, And two Express Waggons.
All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. An inspection invited.
JOHN HALL
Lawrencetown, April 15th, 1891. 2 tf

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO
JOB WORK
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
We have increased facilities for turning out
FINE WORK
—such as—
NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, MEMO. HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS.
POSTERS, DODGERS, PROGRAMMES, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, TICKETS, ENVELOPES, ETC., ETC.
Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
always on hand.
Estimates Furnished, Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.
Address,
"MONITOR" OFFICE,
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MAN WANTED
To take charge of Local Agency. No experience necessary. Whole or part time. Salary and expenses paid from start or liberal commission paid weekly. Good opening for right man. Be quick and write for full information. Will reserve territory for good man if unable to start now. Write at once. BROWN BROS. CO., Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont. (This house is reliable).

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.
JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

W. H. BANNISTER,
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

Poetry.

What of That.

Tired! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze.
Come, rouse thee, work while it is called to-day!
Coward, arise! Go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely! 'Tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own.
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! Well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight!
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well and what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and nought but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned! Learn it, then, patiently.

No help? Nay, 'tis not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hear His children's cry;
He's near thee, wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

The Miller of Dee.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,
Beside the River Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy no one, no, not I,
And no one envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hale,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad though I am the king
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap.
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three.
I owe no man I cannot pay,
I thank the River Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hale, and sighed the while,
"Farewell thee, happy be;
But say no more if thou dst be true
That no one envies me.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O, miller of the Dee."

Select Literature.

A Tricycle Story.

It was a most exciting letter. Mamma read it aloud to Daphne and me at the breakfast table, and we looked at one another in amazement over its most important part, the postscript.

"You know my girls have been riding a tricycle for some time," Aunt Margaret had written. "They have had one with an attachment, so that it can be used by one person or as a tandem—that is, used by two riders. Lately, however, they have been teasing for a new tandem, with certain improvements—about which I don't in the least understand—and I have bought it on condition that they give the old one to your girls. As you have no horse I know they will enjoy it exceedingly."

"Did you ever hear of anything so charming?" cried Daphne, clasping her hands.

"I don't know, dears," said mamma, more doubtfully. "I should be sorry to have you undertake anything that might be considered peculiar or unladylike."

"Aunt Margaret lets her girls ride!"

"Yes, but they are near the city, where the fashion is beginning to spread. I don't see, for my own part, why you shouldn't do it, even if you are hooted; but, girls, I can't help thinking of Uncle Melcher."

So did we think of him; we thought and spoke of him too often for our peace of mind. Uncle Mel was rich, and we were very poor. Moreover, the time had come when we needed to go away to school. Mamma had always taught us that it was a mistake to suppose the world owed us a living.

"You have no right to your uncle's money simply because he has a great deal and you have none," she said. "But if he would lend you a small sum for a beginning, I think you could work your way at Ellsworth seminary. You would pledge yourselves to repay it, with interest, when you are old enough to support yourselves; and though he would be taking a risk, we should all try to make that risk as small as possible."

But when the scheme was proposed to Uncle Mel, he vetoed it at once and with the utmost vigor.

"Go away to school!" cried he. "What for? My mother never studied beyond long division, nor yet my grandmother, and they were good housekeepers and excellent women. You be good, sensible girls and learn to make bread and darn stockings, and when I'm done with my money, you shall have it all."

Mamma after a night's consideration gave her formal sanction to the tricycle, which arrived a day or two later.

"But I do hope," she said, doubtfully, as she examined its shining wheels and springy seats, "I do hope you won't try to ride fast. Perhaps you can be more lady-like about it if you do it slowly."

Such a time as we had in getting started to ride at all! First we made over some old dresses, lengthening the skirts and relieving them of superfluous tags of trimming which might get caught in the wheels. Then we learned to oil the machine, and finally to manage it. The cousins had written that, with its fourth wheel behind, it was a clumsy affair compared with their new three wheeler; but we who were used to no lighter means of transportation than the family wheelbarrow, were more than satisfied with our new steed.

One June afternoon, after a longer ride than usual, we found ourselves near the little crossroad where Uncle Melcher lived. A year before, after quarreling with the village authorities, he had bought a small cottage eight miles from church and store, and had taken up his abode in it, with the pleasing consciousness that he had withdrawn as far as possible from the local civilization. It was a dreary place, but Uncle Mel liked it, and Mrs. Simmons, his old housekeeper, tolerated what he chose.

"Madge," said Daphne, putting on the brake as we reached the crossroad, "let's go and call on Uncle Mel. It's only two miles farther."

"I wouldn't for worlds!" said I. "He is sure to scold us for riding Peggy."

"Well, we can't help that. He knows by this time that we have the machine, and he might as well see it. Come, and have it over. O, Madge, before I'd be afraid!"

For an answer I put my feet down hard on the pedals and started Peggy onward. Girls don't like to be dared any more than boys do.

"I'll go," said I, "but we must hurry for it's getting late."

We turned into the narrow road, and in due time reached the house. Uncle Mel was sitting on the piazza reading a newspaper, but after one long, steady look at us he got up and went indoors.

We had gone too far to retreat, and so we alighted and walked up to the house.

"Tell them not to bring that thing a foot nearer!" cried Uncle Mel's voice from the sitting-room. "If they've a mind to come in here like decent girls they're welcome, but I won't have any crazy Janes ridin' bicycles up to my door." Just then Mrs. Simmons appeared in the entry. She was evidently glad we had heard the message, and that she need not repeat it.

"You jest roll it back a mite," she whispered. "You know your uncle's a leetle sot."

So we meekly trundled poor Peggy behind the house with as much composure as we could summon. Uncle Mel was sitting in his great chair, drumming with his fingers on the table. That was a signal we knew well; it meant "Danger!"

"What do you mean by comin' here on that thing?" he inquired.

"We were riding near here, and so—so we thought we'd call," said Daphne, faintly.

"I've heard all about it," went on Uncle Mel. "Deacon Tolman says you're the talk of the town, ridin' round on that newfangled steam engine. If you blow up with it it's all you deserve."

"It doesn't go by steam, uncle," I ventured.

"Don't tell me what it goes by! I don't want to know anything about it. The least I expect is you'll break your mother's heart and go to ruin, circus ridin' round the country."

Just then dear, comforting Mrs. Simmons reappeared. "There's some bread and milk on the kitchen table," she said, in her mildest tone, and strove to draw us out of the room without attracting his attention. That was impossible.

"You're welcome to the bread and milk," he said, "but you ain't welcome to make my house a rendyvoo for such goin's on. Now you hear to me, once for all; don't you bring that thing within a mile of me again while you have it."

"No, sir," said I meekly, and we hastened out after Mrs. Simmons.

Even she had a word of disapproval. "Seem's if you might ha' known how he'd take it," she remarked, as we began to drown care in the flowing bowl of milk.

"Don't you get lonesome here?" I inquired. It had become desirable to change the subject of conversation.

"Lonesome! I guess I do. Your uncle seems possessed to get away from folks. Now, we ain't got no neighbors, except them shiftless Burrages, a mile away, an' they ain't no use to us. We're both on us too old to walk a mile, if 'twas to see the president."

"Why don't uncle keep a horse!" said Daphne.

"'Taint likely he could do that 'thout a hired man to harness up," said Mrs. Simmons. "Even the cow's too much for him sometimes. It beats me to think what he'd do if one or both on us should be sick at night, with no hoss, an' no man, and the doctor eight mile away."

At that moment we started and looked at one another. Apparently we had all heard the same thing, a faint "Ballo! hallo!" Again it was repeated, and then Mrs. Simmons started to her feet.

"You mark my words, your uncle's climb' the mow for eggs and fell!" she cried, as she hurried to the door. "Run, girls, run to the barn! You're spryer'n I be."

We gathered up our long skirts and ran. As we neared the barn the cries grew more distinct, and when we entered the great door, there lay Uncle Mel on his back, tryin' in vain to raise himself from the pile of rubbish on which he had fallen.

"Are you all deaf?" he asked, as we hurried up to him. "I've hollered myself hoarse. Now don't go to actin' like a hen with her head cut off," he added, as Mrs. Simmons appeared on the scene. "I've broke every bone in my body, and if you women go to draggin' me round, you'll break the rest. Girls, you jest run down to Burrage's an' tell Eph an' Sam to come an' lift me up. Tell 'em to send somebody else for the doctor. I've got to lay here."

"Come, Madge!" said Daphne, taking me by the arm. "I know where the Burrages live. Hurry!" She ran into the house for our hats and gloves, and by the time I reached her was wheeling Peggy out from the syringa bush. "Jump on!" she cried. "Never mind your gloves. Put your best foot foremost."

We rolled out of the yard and down the dusty road.

We found that Mrs. Simmons' mile was a long one, but not many minutes had passed when, dry lipped and panting, we rode into the Burrages' yard, where a man was pumping water.

"Uncle Melcher has fallen in the barn and hurt himself," began Daphne. "Will you and your brother go and help him up? And will you please give us some water?"

He slowly filled the rusty dipper and passed it to us.

"Sho!" said he. "Jest what I expected! What's the old coon want to go climbin' round for, anyway?"

"Will you go now?" insisted Daphne. "He may be dying."

"Oh, yes, I'll call Eph, and we'll fetch up there in the course of fifteen minutes. But what under the canopy do you call that thing you're ridin' on?"

"It's a tricycle," said I. "Have you a horse to go for the doctor?"

"No, I ain't, but"—

The pedals began to turn, and so did Peggy. I knew what Daphne had decided, and I was ready to do my part. Out of yard we went, and on until we reached a trim little cottage near the road.

"Has your father a horse?" called Daphne to a barehead and barefooted boy who sat on the fence, gazing at us in what we hoped was admiring awe.

"Yup."

"Is he at home—the horse, I mean?"

"No, he ain't."

On we went without another word. At the next house there was a horse, feeding in a neighboring orchard. Daphne gave it one glance.

"Madge," said she, "I could run faster than that bagebones. Are you good for six miles more?"

"For twenty!" I cried, with more zeal than accuracy.

As to the work that followed, I can still declare that I never knew anything so wildly exhilarating. Our breath came fast, and our cheeks were burning; but we gained on time, and annihilated distance.

Two more triumphant girls could scarcely have been found than we, as we rode up to Dr. Miller's house—and certainly no hearts ever sank lower than ours when we were told that the doctor had driven away five minutes before.

"He took the road to Greensboro'," said pretty Mrs. Miller, "but I am almost sure he meant to stop at Mrs. Moore's cottage, about a mile and a half from here." Away we toiled, working almost against hope, for the Greensboro' road was terribly sandy. I heard nothing and saw nothing; I only breathed and struggled.

"Doctor!" we called. "Doctor! Wait! wait!"

He paused, he looked, and the day was won.

"Well, if you're not two crazy girls!" he began, as we rode up to him; but a glance at our faces must have shown him that no spirit of fun had prompted our chase.

"Can you go to Uncle Melcher's?" I asked, with what breath I had left. "He's broken every bone in his body."

Then Daphne took up the tale, and after a brief explanation the doctor turned his horse about.

"Now, you girls have had exercise enough for one day," said he, "and I shall stop and tell my wife that you'll spend the night with us. Then, after I've seen your uncle, I'll drive round and explain everything to your mother. Good-by."

"Shall we?" asked Daphne, when he had gone.

"We must—or lie down and cover ourselves with leaves. I don't believe I could ride five miles more to save the nation."

Then we toiled back through the sand to the doctor's house, and sweet Mrs. Miller gave us a royal welcome. When the doctor came home he brought the news that Uncle Mel had broken a leg, and that mamma had been sent for to nurse him.

"And you are to pack up your clothes and ask one of the neighbors to take you over there also," he said, adding with a demure twinkle of the eye, "Though what your mother wants you for I can't imagine, unless it's to ride on errands and chase inoffensive doctors about town."

Uncle Mel was ill for many a long week, and we had a dull and quiet time in taking care of him One day in August, as mamma was sitting with him, he said, suddenly, "Call in them girls!"

We appeared, a little doubtful of our reception.

"The doctor says if it hand't ha' been for your ridin' on that thing I should ha' been wress off 'n I was," he began, abruptly. "Where is it?"

"At home, uncle," said I. "You told us it wasn't to come within a mile"—

"There, there, don't twit!" said he. "Do you want to go to school?"

"O uncle!"

"Now, don't 'O uncle' me! I'm goin' to turn your mother out of her house and live there myself. I'm too old to be so fur away from neighbors."

This looked serious. Poor as the house is as we had, as yet, no other shelter.

"I've took a place in Ellsworth," he went on, "and I'm goin' to let your mother live there and board you while you go to the seminary. Now, don't act so shaller. You tire me all out!"

For Daphne had dared what no one else had probably done during the last fifty years; she had kissed Uncle Melcher; and Uncle Melcher looked as if he actually liked it.—*Alice Brown in Youth's Companion.*

Advertise Your Specialties.

Good advertising consists in the selection of a few strong, quick selling specialties, to stand as the representatives of your stock in price, quality and pattern. Just as you select one smart, active man from every 160,000 of the people, and send him to congress as your representative, so choose a good thing to represent the store, and talk about that article. Put your whole energy and force into a strong argument why that should be in every reader's hands; try to talk as though that article was your entire stock. You will find it will draw more people to your store than the mere mention of a thousand articles. If you have sufficient space, two or three leaders can be put out at once, but seldom more than that in an ordinary advertisement. Each day take a new article and treat it in like manner, and you will soon find that your leaders will be town talk.

If you are a grocer, it won't be necessary to say that you keep all kinds of groceries, and itimize them. If you are an ordinary dealer, the public knows that without telling. But should you have a new brand of pickles that is especially desirable, confine your advertisement to pickles for the day.

No tradesman need lack for a specialty. If it is a good article it will pay to push, and if it sells, the staples will sell with it.

Let specialties sell staples always, and try to take rank among your competitors as the one who is the quickest to recognize a good thing and the first to sell it.—*Grand Rapids Telegram.*

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Yarmouth Line.

They say if you spend your vacation once in Nova Scotia you will be sure to do so again. No one who has tasted the delights of this garden province of the Canadian Dominion has ever yet been able to shake off the annually recurring desire to once more inhale its delicious, invigorating ozone and to revel in its beauteous scenery and mingle with the hospitable people who proudly call it home. Year by year the fame of this favored province, as a health-giving, restful, inspiring place of summer resort, has been growing, until now the New Englander, wearied of the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, and even Saratoga and Bar Harbor, who does not spend a part of his or her vacation in this famous "Down East" land, is the exception rather than the rule.

They have come and seen, and marvelled that such a lovely, romantic and historically interesting region has so long lain undiscovered and unexplored by the pleasure-loving native of the United States, and their wonder has deepened into admiration as its superb natural beauties and unique characteristics have gradually been unfolded to them. "There surely is no fairer spot than this," they have exclaimed as they have rambled through its leafy and balsamic forests, sailed upon or bathed in its pure and sparkling waters, fished in its winding rivers, hunted upon its breezy marshes, or studied the numberless and varied industries peculiar to the country, and the quaint and curious characteristics of many of the people. And well might they have thus exclaimed.

Thousands of tourists went last year to Nova Scotia, some for a week, some for a month, others for an entire season. Rich and poor alike were among the number, for this is essentially the people's summer paradise, where the free air and the benignant smile of nature cause all differences of caste and wealth to melt away as if by magic. Thousands more than this number will go to the beautiful province by the sea this coming summer, only to return and enthusiastically inspire thousands more to go next year; but there is room for all—13,000,000 visitors could each have an acre apiece—and there is some new glimpse of scenery to see, some new object of historic interest to inspect, at every successive step.

For much of this remarkable popularity the province has attained, the Yarmouth Steamship company can justly claim for itself the credit. While a long, monotonous sea voyage in slow-moving vessels, or a wearisome and uninteresting journey by rail, were the only means of getting there from New England, even those who knew of the attractions of the place hesitated to make the necessary sacrifice of time and comfort in order to enjoy them. All this was changed in a twinkling, however, when the Yarmouth Steamship company, three years ago, revolutionized the existing method of travelling by putting on its new and fast steel steamer between Boston and Yarmouth and fairly wisked the passenger from the one point to the other, almost before he had time to realize he was at sea. This unprecedented annihilation of time made a vast difference to everybody, and from the very beginning the enterprise was an emphatic success, so much of a success, indeed, that last season a larger and even faster steamer, especially built for the purpose by the most skilful constructors of the Clyde, was added to the service, in order to meet the great demand for transportation. This summer, therefore, the two trips a week each way of former seasons will be increased to four, and the voyage to the "Land of Evangeline" will indeed have become little but a ferry. This latest addition to the company's fleet is the magnificent steamer *Boston*, of 1,600 tons, and engines of 4000 horse power, commanded by Captain M. L. Forbes, and her companion is the famous *Yarmouth*, of 1,400 tons, and commanded by Captain S. F. Stanwood.

These careful, experienced and popular officers have charge of two of the speediest, safest and best equipped boats that ever ploughed the ocean, and are assisted by subordinates whose courtesy and attention to passengers have become proverbial. While on board you eat at a tempting and well-spread table, served at most reasonable prices, promenade a breezy, roomy deck, or rest in a splendidly furnished saloon, and sleep in a commodious, electrically lighted state-room. Surely, here is comfortable travelling.

Sixteen hours from Boston light and you are on Nova Scotia soil, and under the shadow of the British flag, in the enchanting land of the mayflower.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

Electric Locomotive.

Railroad men generally who are connected with the motive-power departments are awaiting the advent of the electric locomotive. The following from the *Railway Age* in this connection will be read with interest:

Electric locomotives, which have long been anticipated, but in regard to which expectations has not been warranted by realization, may soon be found in extensive service. The commissioners who have been for some time engaged in devising plans for increased facilities for rapid transit in New York City have decided in favor of the construction of a four-track railway, running underground below Canal street and elevated further uptown, to be operated by Bergman's electric locomotives of 300 horse-power. This is a new motor, in which the power is applied directly to the axles of every car, and it is claimed that the forces is capable of propelling a train of twenty cars at the rate of fourty miles an hour, and that a train moving at the highest speed can be brought to a standstill within twelve feet. So much has been claimed for electric motors, and so much dissapointment has resulted from previous tests, that actual demonstration will be required before these claims will be generally accepted; but that electricity can and will be successfully applied to the running of trains, not only upon city railways, but surface roads now operated by steam, we continue to have little doubt. It does not take extraordinary faith to believe the predictions of Edison and others that ere long coal-burning and smoke and fire-producing engines on railways will be superseded by smokeless and steamless locomotives, whose power is furnished by that still mysterious and wonderful agent, electricity.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Spare the Robins.

Nowadays, when every boy thinks himself an ornithologist, and therefore entitled to steal the eggs from every bird's nest, and even to destroy without mercy the sweet songsters themselves, under the plea that all are destructive to the cherry crop, it is refreshing to read such an article as one that appeared in the American Agriculturist for the month of July, 1890, entitled "Value of birds to the Farmer."

After referring to the foolish "Scaly Act" of Pennsylvania, by which the State expended $90,000 in bounties for owls and hawks to protect $2000 worth of chickens! the article proceeds to speak in the following terms of the robin:—"This is one of the most useful of our common birds, notwithstanding it has the audacity to eat a few cherries, for which depredation it is often shot by the exasperated owner. Henry Ward Beecher once said, "The man who would shoot a robin, except in the fall, and then really and conscientiously for food, has in him the blood of a cannibal, and would, if born in Otahaite, have eaten ministers, and digested them too." The robin is one of the most useful of all birds in destroying insects which are most injurious to fields and gardens. Robins raise two or three broods of young each season, and it requires large numbers of worms and grubs to feed them upon. The quantity of worms required by a young robin is surprisingly large, being more than its own weight, daily. Sometimes the young are fed almost upon cut-worms. The horticulturists near Boston once petitioned the Legislature to strike out the name of the robin from the list of protected birds. A committee, one member of which was Prof. Jenks, was appointed to investigate the habit of the robin. Prof. Jenks clearly proved that the bird is a benefactor. For daily examination of the contents of the robins stomach, he found not a particle of vegetable food from early March to the first of May. Nine-tenths of all its food consisted of the larvæ of the bibio albipennis, of which from one to two hundred were sometimes taken from a single bird. This larva is very destructive, feeding on the roots of plants, injuring strawberry plants, vines and other plants. The fly into which this larvæ developes hatches in May, and infests wheat and other products. A few robins in the vicinity of a garden are the best means of protecting the plants from the ravages of the cut-worm, and other destructive worms and insects. A single pair of robins, in rearing two or three broods of young, must necessarily destroy a vast number of worms, grubs and other insects in a single season. The gardener or farmer who would shoot a robin, or allow one to be shot on his premises, is strangely blind to his own interests."

It May Be.

It may be that a mean man can get religion; but he can't stay mean and keep it.

It may be that we look too high sometimes to see the work God has appointed for us to do.

It may be that some of us will escape big trials, but none of us can escape little ones.

It may be that if some of us would stop complaining of our burdens and do all we could to lighten those of others, our own would be much lighter.

It may be that one reason why some people never have any real joy in their religious experience, is because they cherish an unforgiving spirit.

It may be that one reason why some parents have unconverted children is because they do not make religion attractive in the home.

It may be that one reason why boys go to the bad is because their fathers bear down too hard on the grindstone.

—Maine's new liquor law seems to have no loop-holes in it. If faithfully executed it will make prohibition prohibit. Hotels have closed their bars, druggists have disposed of their stock of liquors, and express companies have issued stringent orders to their employers upon the subject. No one dares to exhibit a United States license even, for that is evidence against him and will land him in jail for sixty days, and mulct him in the sum of $100. Nobody as yet seem inclined to test the law, especially since the temperance leaders have formed a league with $100,000 capital to enforce it.

—Two sentences passed at the same session of a court at Salfora, England: A collier, committed for unlawful wounding, was sentenced to six weeks hard labor; in the other case a woman found guilty of stealing a shilling was sentenced to seven years penal servitude, followed by seven years' police supervision.

—The little island of Iceland, 300 miles long and 200 broad, and isolated from the great continent of civilization, is found to have as great a number of newspapers as are printed in the vernacular tongue of the empire of China. The newspapers of Iceland are published at a point further north than any other journals in existence.

—A cablegram from London says, letters have just been delivered in London from Yokohama, via Vancouver, in 26 days. This is the quickest delivery on record, being five days less than the official estimate in post office guide and 12 days less than the average time via Suez.

—Men who are suffering from nervous debility, over work, early indiscretions or any of the numerous causes that break down the system, should use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A certain blood builder and nerve restorer. They never fail. Try them. Sold by all dealers or post paid on receipt of price (50c. a box). Address Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont. Sold by deBlois & Primpose.

—Twenty years ago the average age of man and womankind at death was computed at 42 years. Now it is placed at 43¾ years for man and 45½ years for women, being an increase of 2½ years in the average duration of human life, owing to improved conditions.

The Grand Trunk System.

The Grand Trunk system differs from the human system in that the same troubles do not affect it and the same remedies are not needed. For all diseases of the human system there is no tonic purifier, renovator and strengthener as good as Burdock Blood Bitters. A weak system can be built up by B. B. B.

—The declining powers of old age may be wonderfully recuperated and sustained by the daily use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

—Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

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